What? (#HardAtWorkChallenge)

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What? (#HardAtWorkChallenge)

by TigerPrawn

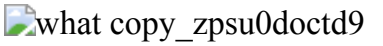
Summary

After accidentally bonding during a one night stand, Nigel and Grigg are both not dealing well with what happens next... other than to start making out again...

Sequel to Oops

Notes

As always - thanks to fabulous beta Llewcie



Nigel had initially woken up feeling pretty good. Sort of light, boyuent. And then the dark cloud of his hangover had descended and the omega had returned from the bathroom.

George? Greg?

“Oh… hey.” Nigel avoided use of a name he was unsure of and discovered the roughness of his throat, caused by way too much alcohol and cigarettes.

The omega smiled an unsure smile and damn if that didn’t make Nigel’s gut drop! What a beautiful fucking creature. Shame he could only remember flashes of the night before. The ache in his muscles at least told him that it had been quite an active evening.

“Well… I better get going.” Nigel started to move from the bed.

“Yeah, um… about last night…”

*

Perhaps Nigel shouldn’t have bolted. The fact that they had somehow managed to bond whilst having drunken sex was beyond crazy, and way too much for him to deal with in his hungover state. But running away had resolved nothing. They were bonded now; they had to deal with the situation. And so Nigel had spent the most of two days trying to get the omega alone. He was never in his room - Nigel suspected he may even have moved rooms. At the conference that he appeared to be there for, he was always in a group of omegas who closed ranks every time he got near. It was starting to piss Nigel off. He had to keep reminding himself that this was a shitty situation for them both, maybe even worse for the omega - they could be so fucking fragile.

Grigg! Grigg Harris

Finally! Nigel thought he might have a chance to corner his would-be-mate alone when he saw his name on the schedule outside the conference hall. He checked his watch and slipped into the back to wait. He fell asleep during the first presentation and then it was his omega. *Damn!! The omega… an omega. Grigg. Grigg Harris!* Suddenly Nigel was wide awake. He was barely following what Grigg was saying - something about computers was the most he could fathom - not just from lack of background but because he was fucking mesmerised. Seeing the omega draw the attention of everyone in the room, and yeah, his presentation appeared to be going down really well, was a bit of a turn on. Nigel also felt… proud?

When the presentation finished, Nigel was on his feet and over to the side of the stage. They had speakers one after the other which meant Grigg seemed to have been planning to find his seat, but Nigel headed him off. He didn’t feel the least bit bad about interrupting the omega at work.

“We need to talk.” He said, taking ahold of Grigg’s elbow and steering him to the exit closest to the stage. So close to Grigg, his scent drew him in and Nigel found his mouth watering.

Grigg smelt so fucking good.

The door exited into a staff corridor, completely silent and empty. Nigel became suddenly and acutely aware how inappropriate this would be, to corner an omega like this… if that omega didn't happen to be his mate.

Nigel let go of Grigg and ran a hand roughly over his face, his stubble was more beard now after a couple of days of neglect. The omega sighed and leaned back against the wall.

"I've been avoiding you, sorry. I needed space, time to think. I… didn't really know, um…" Grigg trailed off. Nigel realised he was looking at the man intently, studying his face, his lips as they moved.

Damn, he's gorgeous! Another swell in Nigel's chest - pride in his beautiful omega. Was this feeling why they had bonded? Or was the feeling because they had bonded? It didn't really seem relevant. He didn't even realise he was crowding Grigg, pushing him against the wall, until their lips pressed together.

Grigg's hands immediately snaked up into Nigel's hair and took hold, pulling the Alpha as close as possible as he pushed his hips forward, meeting Nigel's. Nigel growled into the kiss, which evidently was more than enough encouragement for Grigg, whose hands now went to Nigel's shoulders so he could use them to pull himself up, legs wrapping around Nigel's waist.

Holy fuck. So fucking hot… Nigel's mind lost all but a few words as his body was equally lost to sensation. It was good. So very good, this contact. His skin tingled and he wondered again which came first - this feeling or the bond? He wasn't sure he even cared.

Nigel managed to break away long enough to mutter something about wanting to fuck Grigg, though he wasn't sure if he said it in Romanian or English. He had never wanted someone this much before in his life. His skin burned. The fact that they were in a corridor and could have someone happen upon them at any time didn't feel important. What was important was fucking Grigg again as soon as remotely possible and hopefully remembering it this time!

Nigel moved his hips against Griggs, pretty sure he might cum from the friction alone. He broke the kiss and nuzzled into the bite mark on Grigg's neck, which first caused a hitch of breath then a moan. On the exhale words -

"Oh… ooohhhh. Oh, um… what is your name?" Grigg asked. Nigel pulled back and watched the omega's face flush in more than just arousal. How could he have forgotten Nigel's fucking name!

"What?"

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